THE ANATOMIE OF THE ROMANE CLERGIE:

OR,

A DISCOVERIE OF THE ABVSES THEREOF.

Written in Latine by ſundrie Authors of their owne profeſſion.

And Tranſlated into Engliſh verſe by G.L.

Roma diu titubans, longis erroribus acta
Corruet: & mundi deſinet eſſe caput.

LONDON,
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THE
ANATOMIE
OF THE ROMANE CLERGIE:
A DISCOVERIE OF THE ABUSES THEREOF.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND WORTHIE

Lady *Elizabeth Viſcounteſſe Anan*, Lady Loghmaben, *with all her other good graces, and vertuouſly* deſerued titles and honours.

MADAME,

THough the conſcience of my owne vnworthineſſe might haue ſufficiently deterred me from this boldneſſe, of offering theſe firſt & friuolous fruits of my muſes labours at the ſhrine of your Ladiſhips diuine perfections, yet the hope of your gracious acceptance baniſhing my feares, did incourage me with this aſſurãce, that as no darknes can remaine at the approch of the Sunne, ſo no erronious faults can be found or ſeene in thoſe lines your Ladiſhips honourable eyes haue once ouerſhined: whereby I ſhall ſleight the cenſures of carping Critickes, and laugh at the malice of malignant Momus, ſhadowed vnder the wings of your fauourable protection. In which ſecuritie, my greateſt happineſſe I ſhall hold to be in your Ladiſhips honourable employment, which I ſhall ſtudy to deſerue by ſome greater worke, till when I remaine,

Your Ladiſhips moſt deuotely affected,

G. L.

TO THE ROMANE Catholicke Readers.

GEntle Readers, let it not offend you, that I haue put forth in our Countrie language those things which long ago were published by men of your owne Religion and societie: It is not vnknowne to you what *Arioſto* that famous writer and learned Poet, borne in *Lombardie*, hath written in his Satires of the Court and Clergie of *Rome*, being familiar ſeruant for the time to Pope *Leo* the tenth: likewiſe *Francis Petrarch* Arch-Deacon of *Parma* a *Florentine* borne, who liued in the time of *Benedict* the twelfth, and being greatly eſteemed in his Court, was earneſtly ſollicited by the ſaid Pope, who offered to giue him a Cardinals Hat, if he would perſwade his ſiſter, a very faire young woman, dwelling in *Auignion* to proſtitute her bodie to his

deſire,

deſire, who was deſperately in loue with her, the honeſt man abhorring his deſire and the offer, made anſwer, that ſuch a filthie Hat was not to be receiued vpon ſuch an vnhoneſt condition; and if it were not for the reuerence he bore to the Sea of *Rome*, he would make his penne paint forth his knauerie. After that being deſired by ſome of his friends (who had left the Citie) to let them vnderſtand the eſtate of the Towne there, he did write certaine Epiſtles *ſine titulo*, not daring either name the writer, or to whom he wrote; out of which I haue gathered the moſt remarkable things, and put forth to your reading in the beſt ſort I could, as likewiſe the order of the Friers, written according to *Virgils* verſe in forme of a Cento by *Lelius Capilupus* a Catholicke Romane: ſundrie other verſes are tranſlated out of your owne Poets, ſuch as *Mantuanus* and *Palingenius*, both famous men of your owne Religion. Now ſeeing I giue you no inuention, made either by my ſelfe or any other of your aduerſaries, but that which was written many yeares ſince by men of your owne profeſſion, moſt highly addicted to your Religion,

ligion, I doubt not but you will excuse me, who lets you see by your owne writers, what abuses haue euer bene in that Church from the beginning, and daily do increase. Consider therefore with your selues, how miserably you are blinded by that Romane Antichrist, and pray to God to giue you the light of his Spirit, that you may see all those filthy errors, & turne to his true worship. Farewell.

Your wellwiller and friend,

G. L.

BRITISH 5 AP 80 MUSEUM

THE ORDER OF THE Friers, written by *Lelius Capilupus* in Latine *verse, and translated into English.*

I Am the man when others died for loue, *Ille ego qui quondam dum gallus amore periret, &c.*
Who in the woods my verses did endite
In Countrie rymes, which trifles then did proue:
But now resolu'd a greater worke to write,
Yet not such lyes as *Virgill* did inuent,
Of *Didoes* death, and blam'd *Anchises* sonne:
My song shall be of Friers multipotent,
Who harbour gratitie within a gowne:
Couragious men, yong, lustie, strong, and stout,
Whose hearts and minds are from all labour free;
This will I sing, their prayses all (no doubt)
By *Mantoes* helpe and pleasant harmony.

Their first beginning.

THeir race first came from *Iupiter* aboue, Capil. *Ab Ioue principium generu, &c.*
If herein we may Histories beleeue:
Yet not the lesse their constancie to proue,
They were constrain'd like *Hermites* poore to liue
In dens and caues, through woods and wildernesse:
No house they had, no resting place at all,
But wandring to and fro in great distresse,
Did eate such fruite as from the trees did fall.

Faire fountaine ſtreames did ſerue to be their drinke:
No wine was found amongſt that companie,
Of daintie fare they neuer once did thinke,
Nor of ſuch things as tempt to lecherie:
All ſober men, religious, chaſt, vpright.
But who (alas) can chuſe but theſe times rue,
If he be pleaſed but to take a ſight,
And marke the new-brood of Friers holy crue.

Their firſt Authour Saint Francis.

Capil. *Vnus qui nobis Deus æthere miſſus ab alto, &c.*

DOwne from the skies a Saint came ſuddenly,
Who did conuent this multitude moſt pure,
Charging them all from wilderneſſe to flie
To ciuill Townes, where they might liue ſecure.
Then like a raging torrent they ore ran
All Europe, Aſia, Affricke, and Indie,
Poſſeſſing all this vniuerſe, which then
Seem'd inſufficient them to ſatisfie.
Thus changing deſart woods, and flourie fields,
For golden cloyſters, Pallaces moſt faire,
The youth enur'd to paine, to pleaſure yeelds,
When as they came where companie repaire:
And caſting off the wonted grauitie,
Which their forefathers in the daies of old
So much had vſde, clad with impietie,
With open face grew impudently bold.

Their eaſe.

Capil. *Ergo omni ſtudio lati conuiuia curant, &c.*

THeir chiefe care now is for to make good cheare,
And by the fire to ſit each winter night:

And

And in the Sommer when the heauens looke cleare,
Prouide a ſhadow from *Apollos* ſight.
In gownes they go, to keepe them from the cold,
(Or elſe to cloake their knaueries from being known)
And with a cowle or cap ſow'd twenty fold,
They arme themſelues againſt the gout and ſtone.

The late off-ſpring.

THis race (immortall ſtudies to maintaine
The honour which their Predeceſſors wonne)
Rare document, and orders did ordaine,
With offices and roomes for euery one,
Like magiſtrates who rule a ciuill Towne:
Some are prefer'd to guide the holy band,
Some for the Church and ſeruice vp and downe:
Some with the Prieſt muſt at the Altar ſtand,
One, muſt receipt of gifts officiate,
Another for to dreſſe their gardens well.
One muſt be porter of the cloyſter gate,
To keepe them in from Nuns, if fleſh rebell:
They are all ſhorne, both on the pate and chin.
Bigge bellied, bacon backt, as fat as ſwine,
With daintie cates they gorge their guts within,
All noſde like turkie-cocks with drinking wine.

Capil. *At genus immortale, &c.*

Their Orders.

BVt though I had an hundred tongues and moe,
I could not tell how many ſorts there be,
Nor ſhew the names and orders which do flow
From this waſt Sea in their poſteritie.

Capil. *Sed neque quam multæ ſpecies, &c.*

Their Mattins.

Capil. *Omne adoro genus in terris, &c.*

WHen this vile crew hath ſoundly ſlept all night
From beds of ſofteſt downe then vp they riſe,
At ſound of ſacred bels when day growes light,
And go to Church where each rare Relique lies:
With great deuotion when they Mattins ſing,
The Prieſt begins all-clad in pureſt white,
Whoſe roaring voice, makes all the Church to ring:
The reſt to anſwer him againe delight.
This being done he to the Altar goes,
And reckons vp a thouſand Saints at once:
From his hoarſe throate, & ſpeaking through his noſe
Thriſe crying loud with many fained grones,
We be the cauſe of all our miſerie,
Oh holy Sire whom no place can containe,
Thy glorious name be praiſd eternallie:
Let vs once ſee thy countenance againe,
Since we thy holy iſſue are indeed,
And our firſt fathers from the heauens deſcended,
Be alway preſent with vs in our need,
And take vs to thee when this life is ended.

Their Maſſe.

Capil. *Stant aras circum puraque in veſte Sacerdos, &c.*

HEre are the reliques Lord, which that laſt night,
Thou left behind, when men thy death decreed:
Here is that Altar euer in our ſight,
Vpon the which we breake the holy bread.
O Sonne of God, why ſee I now thy face,
With bloudie wounds deformed all about:
And skin ſo rent with ſcarres in euery place,

From

From helliſh fire to hold thy ſeruants out.
The damned fiends do tremble at thy ſight,
And all the hoſt of that infernall pit.
Thou with thy Father mak'ſt our ſuite go right,
And we with God himſelfe at banquets ſit.
Oh heare our cries and to our plaints giue eare,
Moſt holy Virgine, vndefil'd and chaſte,
Mother of grace, requeſt thy Sonne to heare
Our prayers, and on earth let vs haue reſt.
This being done, the bread he takes in hand,
And turnes it vp and downe with apiſh toyes,
And that he ſayes no man can vnderſtand,
His mind is ſo bereft with ſudden ioyes.
At laſt the holy Hoſt he breakes in peeces,
And ſwallowes it all greedily at once:
Which time, to beate his breaſt he neuer ceaſſes,
And ſadly ſigheth forth his forged grones.
The Calix next he ſighing holdeth vp,
While all the people bowing downe their heads,
Sit muttering (what, they know not) to the cup
And pray out all the number of their beads.
When in his ſwagging belly he doth put
(As he affirmes) the bodie of his God,
The cup he empties in his faſting gut,
At which, the ſtupid multitude doth nod.
At laſt he ſprinkles all about the Altar,
And on the people, as they ſit and pray,
His diuel-driuing coniur'd holy water:
This done, bids them depart and go away.

The Friers preaching.

Capil. *Consurgit senior diuoſque in vota vocauit, &c.*

AN aged Frier, or old Father goes
Vp to the pulpit in a Reuerent pace,
Where while he ſtands (all white with yeares) he (ſhowes,
As if he were the mirrour of all grace:
And there declares the torments of the hels,
And how th' Aſſyrians tower did ayme at heauen.
Of miracles a thouſand ieſts he tels,
With ſome true tales, to make his lyes go euen.
He threatens then the ruſticke people all,
With plagues and ſickneſſe which will them infeſt,
With tempeſts, raine, which on them hee'le make fall:
And that with famine they ſhall be oppreſt.
What ſhall they do, the ſillie people crie,
And keepe a wofull murmur in the place,
The women proſtrate on their faces lie,
And earneſtly intreate the Saints for grace.
He reſts a ſpace, and then begins againe,
More ſoberly, and ſtretching forth his arme,
Holds vp a rod, whoſe vertues he doth faine,
To be moſt rare, gainſt ſorceries and charmes.
With this (ſaies he) the ſoules I can recall,
That are condemn'd to Purgatorie fiers.
Downe at his feete the people kneeling fall,
Suing for pardon to their buried fiers.
Then he begins with euery one apart,
To heare Confeſſion how they led their liues,
And they declare the ſecrets of their heart,
As he demands, both children, men and wiues.
Such as bring gifts of ſiluer or of gold,

Or other things to ſerue their appetite,
He them abſolues from all miſdeeds of old;
And pardons freely all their errours quite.
But they frõ whom (poore ſoules) he nought receiues
To Purgatorie muſt, with woe and ſhame,
And to the diuell their ſoules he careleſſe leaues,
To be tormented in that purging flame.

Their Dinner.

THis Sermon done, to Cloiſter he retires,
Where all the reſt for dinner do attend.
Great worke is made to fill the hungrie Friers:
They euery man to ſeuerall office ſend.
Some in the kitchin turning ſpits are ſet,
Well garniſhed with ſtore of daintie fare,
Some from the Butler do the Naprie get:
Each to diſcharge his dutie hath a care.
Meane while the gourmonds ſtand with greedie eyes,
Readie to eate vp very boords and all,
In expectation till their Prior riſe,
And from his cabin ſhewes himſelfe i'th hall.
At laſt he comes, Lord of that rabling rout,
Attended on with ſtore of companie,
A foule fat monſtrous Lubber, full o'th gout:
Whoſe length and breadth of one dimenſion be.
His backe and bellie both of equall roundneſſe,
He tumbleth forward like an emptie tunne,
Whoſe vaſt concauitie doth ſound profoundneſſe,
Not to be fill'd before the euenings Sunne.
Him all admire, and ſtand about his ſeate,
He charges them to peace when falne at ſtrife.

Capil. *Ordine ahæna locant alij flammaſque miniſtrant, &c.*

Capil. *Tum pater omnipotens, &c.*

Capil. *Ille regit dictis animos, &c.*

If

If any proue offending, he doth threat,
Perpetuall prison shall consume their life.
Remember (saies he) wonted miserie
In former time, your hunger thirst and cold,
And how ye now swim in felicitie,
In ease and pleasure, health, wealth, full of gold.
This is the way to heauen which we now leade:
Go to, then all, and thanke the God aboue,
Who makes you now vpon these meates to feed.
Then to their roomes all instantly remoue,
Each one makes haste that he may first sit downe,
And who shall haue his hand first in the dish,
Belching like baseſt Hinde and rudeſt clowne,
Throughout the house, and still for more they wish.
Some picke the bones, some licke the fallen crummes,
Some sit carousing in the German sort.
When all is done, and no more victuall comes,
This graceleſſe band ith fields themselues disport.

Their pastime.

Capil. *Ceu quondam niues liquidæ inter flumina, &c.*

THere they begin to wantonnize and play,
Among the woods and pleasant running springs,
With sundrie exercises all the day,
And euery man his instrument forth brings.
Some for to fish with nets, and lines layed out,
Others to hunt, bring grayhounds for the Hare,
Some set their snares for fowles that flie about,
And others to the flowrie meades repaire.
Whereas they iumpe, and dance, and loudly sing,
Laugh, tumble, sport, and liue in iollitie,
That all the neighbouring woods with ecchoes ring:

Filled

Filled with the clamors of that companie.
But if it chance that any man of fame,
Should come to see their merrie exercise,
Then all the troupe do hide themselues for shame,
And backe into the Cloysters each man flies.

The begging Friers.

OVt of the towne the begging Friers flie,
The Countries charitie and helpe to craue,
Who with their lies and glosing flatterie,
Get store of meate, such as the people haue.
Both bread, meale, butter, oyle, and fruite, and cheese,
Which they lay vp in store for winters night:
And thus they worke like waspes, not hony bees,
From *Phœbus* rise, till *Cynthia* shewes her sight.

Capil. *Discurrunt alij ad portas, &c.*

Funerals.

TO funerals when they are charg'd to go,
This wanton flocke is readie at command,
And there they march along two in a row,
With each a burning taper in his hand.
What sort of creatures may we deeme this kind,
Who sing for ioy, when all the rest so weepe?
When others sigh, they haue content of mind,
And for their gaine, still wish moe thus to sleepe.

Capil. *Iampridem resides ægrisq; effusa iumentis, &c.*

Their Supper.

WHen this is done, to Cloyster they returne,
There stay a while, till suppers on the boord,

Capil. *Deuexo interea propior sub vesperolympo, &c.*

Their halls all ſtor'd with lights that flaming burne,
And eu'ry gallerie with lampes decor'd,
They make good cheare, & drink good beere & wine
Of diuerſe ſorts, the beſt the countrey yeelds.
Which done, the elder to their neſts incline,
The younger faine a walking to the fields:
But when o'recome with heauie ſleepe and wine,
Their holie fathers ſlumber out the night,
The Yongſters and the Siſters ſo diuine,
Haue ſecret meetings for their youths delight.

The Nuns.

Capil. *Pectora mœrentem tenebris & carcere cæco, &c.*

THe holy Nuns, like *Danae* in her Tower,
With hundred doores and barres are ſhut vp faſt,
Garded with Beldames, yet there comes a ſhowre
Of luſtie gallants ſcales the fort at laſt:
Some much haue wondred, and indeed they may,
How Cloyſtred virgins, from the world exil'd,
Who neuer ceaſſe, nor day nor night to pray,
Should with the wind, conceiue and haue a child:
Whereof a ſacred ſeed doth ſpring (no doubt)
And ouerflowes earths ſpacious face we ſee:
For from the vaults of Cloyſters there comes out
A race moſt rare, conceiu'd moſt wondrouſly.

The Authors farewell to all the Orders.

Capil. *Salue vera Iouis proles, &c.*

NOw fare you well, with all your ſeuerall ſects,
Who thus abound in all proſperitie:
You are the Saints, whom euery man reſpects,
And honours moſt throughout all Italie.

In

In doubtfull things your counsell they do craue,
As from the *Delphian* Oracle of old,
And gladly your responses do receiue,
Trusting as truth it selfe what you haue told.
Your care is all in Cloysters close to lie,
And keepe the Saints from all corruption sure,
When we in armes (I do you not enuie)
Must watch all night, that you may sleepe secure.
Would I were but the meanest of your traine,
To keepe your gate, or sweepe your sacred floores,
Where I in safetie henceforth might remaine,
Within the compasse of your walles and doores.
Most happie, ye, the sonnes of mightie *Ioue*,
Who liue in mirth, while other men do mourne,
We must be gone, where raging *Mars* doth roue,
Whose eyes shoote lightning, all the world to burne:
So great dissention rises euery day,
Among the Kings and Princes of this age,
That Europe quakes in this most fearefull fray,
To see the terror of *Bellonas* rage.
The misbeleeuing sonne of *Gog Magog*, *The great Turke.*
With troupes past number boasts to tread vs downe,
And all the followers of that faithlesse dog,
Vow to o're runne vs with their horned moone:
But you his awfull threats do neuer feare,
Nor are you mou'd, but liue at quiet ease,
And bid your Nuns sleep sound, & make good cheare
With open gates, at midnight if they please.
O blest are you, how euer matters go
Throughout the world, your wealth and honors last,
Your worthie praises I will euer show,
And sing your orders equall to the best.

An addition by the Tranſlator.

THere is a monſter ſtrange begot of late,
Betwixt a begging Frier and a Nun,
Whoſe ſubtiltie hath troubled Europes ſtate,
And ſowing iarres, all Princes hath vndone.
His ſhaueling followers do him deifie,
As he were God, and Lord of ſea and land:
For he (but ſtay there) moſt impetuouſly,
For ſupreme power and higheſt ſeate doth ſtand.
Of this vile ſtocke a filthy race is ſprong,
Which ouer-rules the land of *Italy*,
And in new *Rome* hath ſway'd the Scepter long,
By witchcraft, inceſt, and foule Sodomie.
Some call him Pope, ſome father of the Saints,
Some ſay he is Chriſts Vicar, left behind:
The knaue himſelfe moſt arrogantly vaunts,
That he in heauen can looſe, in hell can bind.
Such is the power he hath the world throughout,
With triple crowne when he in chaire doth ſit,
Kings, Emperours, and great Monarkes all about,
Moſt humbly come, to kiſſe his foote, as fit.
This monſter now in Europe doth command,
And to the *Inds* his putent power's extended,
So that no King, nor Prince dare once withſtand
The torrent of his wrath when he's offended,
This Prelates pride I cannot all declare,
Nor gorgeous pompe, which daily doth increaſe
With Cardinals, who Kings companions are,
Whom to enrich, poore Princes ſtates decreaſe.
When he is great Monarch ended hath his life,
The Cardinals conuent to chuſe another,

Whoſe

Whoſe holy meetings oft are mar'd with ſtriſe,
Which to appeaſe, they take ſome Frier brother.
This done, they carrie him through all the Towne,
High mounted on Prieſts ſhoulders magnifi'd,
Then in a chaire vnbottom'd ſet him downe,
Where his humanitie is ſearch'd and tride,
Becauſe an Engliſh wench them once beguild,
Who in diſguiſe vnto the Popedome came,
And with a Frier the holy See defil'd:
Hauing a child to *Romes* eternall ſhame.
On ſolemne dayes, when he his Maſſe would make,
Two Cardinals do carrie vp his traine,
The multitude attends him at the backe,
Till he be ſet in ſtate, they throng amaine,
And while in pompe he ſitteth in his chaire,
They bring him wine and conſecrated bread:
Such is, his pride, he will not do it bare,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall his mitred head.
Many ſtrange tricks this hell-hound he deuiſes,
Setting his neighbours all at great debate.
To warre and Armes all Princes he entices,
That he may liue in a more quiet ſtate,
If any Prince this demidiuell offend,
Or wrong his ſeruants in the lighteſt ſort,
Incontinent his bloud-hounds he will ſend,
Friers diſguiſ'd, and make his life pay for't.
And then giue pardon to the murderer,
And as a Saint him canoniſe, as right:
Men muſt adore the bloudie furtherer
Of his damn'd plots, which euen his ſoule * delight.
What ſhall we ſay, but pray the God of peace,
Soone to confound this Antichriſt of Rome,

Platina de vitis Pontifi. Roman. &c.

Witneſſe the two laſt kings of France.

* Witnes the tapiſtry hangings in his parlour at Rome, wherein the deſcription of the maſſacre at Paris is gorgeouſly ſet out.

Whose rage and mischiefe is not like to ceasse,
Against th'annointed, till he get his doome,
To go to hell with all his companie,
There to remaine in that abhorred place,
And suffer tortures euerlastingly,
Without all future hope of after grace.

CERTAINE

CERTAINE VERSES TAKEN OVT OF THE EPISTLES of *Francis Petrarch*, Archdeacon of Parma,

which were *sine titulo*, written to his friend whom he might not name for feare of the Romane Clergie.

MY friend, you craue to vnderstand *Epist. 8.*
New Romes estate in this our Land:
My pen cannot such skill obtaine,
Nor *Cicero*, if liue againe,
Of that great Court t'expresse the glory
Vnparallel'd by any storie.
For, what you ere haue read of old,
Or by report hath bene you told,
Of Babylon that Towre of pride,
Where the Caldeans did abide,
Or of the vncouth Labyrinthes foure,
Possessed by the Minotaure,
Or of *Auernus* filthie floud,
Or of the Lake where Sodome stood,
Compar'd with this, they are but fables,
Reported by some fooles at tables.
Here is blaspheming *Nimrod* seene,
Here is *Semyramis* the Queene:
Here *Minos* sits as Iudge most fell,
And *Radamantus* scourge of hell:
Foule *Cerberus* the gate doth keepe,

Paſiphae with the Bull muſt ſleepe,
Whereof proceeds a monſtrous race,
Where *Minotaurus* keepes the place.
So to be ſhort, in former time,
What Poets haue ſet forth in ryme,
Of monſters which before came out,
In it are ſeene to go about.
Thy vertue brought thee to renowne,
Moſt happie thou that left'ſt the Towne.
If you ſuppoſe the Citie be
In the ſame forme you did it ſee,
You are deceiu'd much in that caſe,
Although it ſtands in that ſame place.
Of old it did abound with euils,
But now it is a den of diuels,
A ſinke of ſinne, a gulfe of paine,
For thoſe that ſtill in it remaine.
Ceaſſe to admire, when as I call
This Babylon the chiefe of all:
Epiſt.10. Where can that Tower be placed beſt,
But in the quarters of the Weſt,
Inhabited as we now ſee,
By people full of villanie?
Beleeue me well, here in it dwels
A Tyrant who in pride excels,
More cruell then *Cambyſes* King,
Or the great Turke, whoſe wrath doth ring.
Here are ſtrange labrinthes in great ſtore,
Mens ſoules in darkneſſe to deflore.
Here Venus with her wanton toyes,
Is honour'd with baſe bauds and boyes:
Adultrie, whoredome and inceſt,

Is honour'd here among the beſt.
And counted but for ſports and playes,
Euen with our Prelats of theſe dayes.
The wife is rauiſh'd from her ſpouſe,
And to the Papall ſeate ſhe bowes.
The poore good man muſt leaue the Towne,
Such ordinances are ſet downe:
And when her bellie riſeth hie,
By Cardinals who with her lye,
The husband muſt not dare complaine,
But take his wife with child againe.
All vertue is trod vnder foote,
And out of doores all truth is ſhut:
Where one mans fauour is ſo ſought,
And with ſuch flatterie dearely bought:
Where bad men are eſteemed beſt,
And the poore iuſt man ſore oppreſt:
The God of heauen is chac't away,
And gold and ſiluer beare the ſway.
Gold is the ſalue for euery ſore,
It makes pròud kings to bragge no more.
By gold heau'n gates are open ſet,
And who giues moſt, doth pardon get.
Euen Chriſt himſelfe for gold is ſold,
And miracles wrought manifold.
Came *Iudas* to this Court moſt trimme, *Epiſt.17.*
Bringing his thirtie pence with him,
He'le be more welcome by Saint *Steuen*,
Then all the Saints that are in heauen.
The Church of Chriſt, which was the place
From whence did flow all health and grace,
To tell the truth my heart it grieues,

Its now become a den of theeues.
Our Epicures with ducking nods,
Do mocke Religion, ſcorne the Gods.
Of heauenly ioyes when they heare tell,
And of the paines that are in hell,
They thinke it but a merrie ieſt,
Deuiſed by ſome idle Prieſt.
The reſurrection of the dead,
And to be iudg'd by Chriſt our head,
They hold them but as fained viſions,
Dreames of old wiues or apparitions.
Epiſt. 11. & 13. If God of heauen do not preuent
The perils which are imminent,
His houſe ſhall be in danger brought,
And all his worſhip turnd to nought:
I plainly ſee, I dare not ſay,
What trechrous meanes and ſubtill way,
This *Dionyſius* hath in heart,
Our *Syracuſa* to ſubuert:
And what a miter made of lead,
Semyramis puts on her head,
For to enchant her louers ſo,
That to her vile embracements go.
Whereby all men of honeſt hearts,
Are fled and baniſht from theſe parts.
The Romans vſed of old t'eſchue
Such places where moſt pleaſure grew:
So bent they were in all degree,
To traine their youth vp vertuouſlie.
Since ſo it is, who will not then
Flie farre from Babylon, that den,
Where miſchiefe and all infamie

Doth

Doth reigne and rage continually.
I ſpeake of things ſeene with mine eyes,
Not heard by eares, nor tales, nor lyes.
Thus farre I briefly haue ſet downe,
The Court of *Rome*, ſtate of our Towne, *Epiſt.* 18.
To you my friend, though not ſo plaine,
As by mens liues that heare remaine
You might diſcerne and plainly ſee
The whole abuſe of this Citie.
Wherefore in end I you exhort,
Take this for truth which I report;
If of thy ſoule thou haſt a care,
Let not thy mind thinke to come there
Where neuer man could learne or ſee
True vertue no nor pietie.

FINIS.

EPITAPHES AND EPIGRAMS of Popes, Monkes, and Friers, translated out of diuerse Authours.

THE EPITAPH OF POPE CLEMENT the seuenth, fixed on his tombe at Rome.

Sylua quæ regno papistico Thomæ Naogeorgi accessit

Clementem eripuit nobis clemẽtia fati, &c.

THe fatall sisters now you see,
Haue taken from this life
Pope *Clement* who by periurie,
Was authour of great strife.
Therefore reioyce all liuing wights,
For this was eu'n the man
Who did deceiue the Towne by sleights,
And all the world o'reran.
This was the man no word could keepe,
To Princes nor to Kings,
Although he had sworne ner'e so deepe,
And promised great things.
This was the man who vex'd the Land
With taxes, tributes sore,
And gathered vp with greedie hand
The Countrie goods in store.
This was the man who ran about,
And rag'd with warre and bloud,
Putting his owne estate in doubt,
to gaine vncertaine good.
This was the man who would not spare

To

To set his house on fire,
If that by murdering here and there,
He might haue his desire.
This was the man that spoil'd the Towne,
And many widdowes made,
By shedding bloud both vp and downe,
Of those that in it stayed.
This was the man with sword that chac't
The Duke of *Vrbin* so,
And tooke his house, and lands defac'd,
And made him hence to go.
This was the man without all cause,
O *Rome* that brought to thee,
Both sword and plague, and cruell lawes,
Such was his courtesie.
This was the man that fostred bauds,
And brothels first set downe:
Who brought in boyes and handsome lads,
A filthie thing in Towne.
Euen this was he who in his life,
Into the world brought shame,
And euery yeare did stirre vp strife,
With ignominious name.
Scorned was God by this vile Lowne,
Who had nor faith nor troth:
All pollicie he wrested downe,
And did all goodnesse loath.
Whiles he did liue all things were deare
throughout all *Italie*:
Yet for all that he would not heare
The peoples miserie.
The famine that in *Rome* was then,

He counted his beſt gaine:
And ſeemed pleaſd (vnhappie man)
With his owne ſubiects paine.
Infortunate he thought himſelfe,
That he could not deſtroy
The world, and ſcrape all worldly pelfe,
Which was his chiefeſt ioy.
Thus liuing in a tedious life,
By ſickneſſe ſore agaſt,
He lay with the Phyſitians ſtrife
To helpe his dayes to laſt.
Oft times he wiſhed death to ſee:
The deſtinies ſaid no:
They tooke delight moſt cruelly
More to torment him ſo.
For his reward he knew, in hell
A thouſand ſtripes to get:
What he did merit to him fell,
Like end a like life met.
At laſt the Tyrant left this light,
Now Citizens go caſt
His filthie carkaſſe out of ſight,
Let Rauens deuour't at laſt.
Be blith, the happie day is ſeene,
Long wiſhed for before:
Make ſports and plaies both morne and euen,
And ſorrow now no more.
Let this be counted as a day
moſt holy euery yeare,
That your poſteritie may ſay,
Now we may no more feare.
As Kings were baniſhed of old,

By consuls from this place:
So now we shall no more behold
This cruell *Neroes* face.

FINIS.

The Epitaph of Alexander the third, by Sanazer.

STay passenger a space, thy wearied limbes to ease,
Perhaps thou know'st not who lies here intomb'd, stay if you please:
Tis not great *Philips* sonne, that all the world subdu'd,
But *Alexander* filthie Pope, in bloudshed all embru'd.
Great Kingdomes he o'rethrew, and Cities turn'd to nought,
All to aduance his bastard brood, a world of mischiefe brought.
This Land with fire and sword he vtterly destroid:
And to subuert Gods Lawes and mans, his care he all employ'd:
That he more freely might (ô filthie to be told)
Incestuously enioy the child his lust begot of old.
Yet he for all this sate & rul'd proudly the papall Sea
Eleu'n yeares, as great Pope and head in sole supremacie.
Speake not of cruell Kings, old tyrants do not name,
Caligula came short of him, and *Heliogablus* shame.
The rest for modestie I cannot well declare,
Suppose the worst, set on thy way, I wish thee well to fare.

Fortasse nescis cuius hic tumulus fiet, adsta viator, &c.

The

The Epitaph of Paule the fourth.

Pasquill. HEre lyes vnhappie *Carrafa*, abhor'd of God and man,
His soule I feare to hell, his corps to graue fast ranne.
No peace on earth he could abide, no honour done to God: (abroad.
The people and the Cleargie both, he vext at home,
To enemies he yeelded soon, his friends he lou'd in iest
What would ye more? he was a Pope as false as all the rest.

Epitaph of Pius the second.

Kuberius. *Frigida membra Pÿ retinet lapis iste, &c.* HEre do the bones of talking *Pius* lye,
Who by his death brought peace to *Italie*:
Nations he sold, and many crymes vnfit,
He vnder shew of vertue did commit.

Io. Sapidus in Sixtum.

Sixte iacet tãdem deflent tua busta cynædi. HEre *Sixtus* lyes, the bauds lament his fall,
Whores, dice, and wine, haue lost a father all.

Epitaph of Lucrece Pontanus.

Hoc iacet in tumulo Lucretia nomine, sed re Thais, &c. *Vcrece* by name, *Thais* indeed, lyes vnderneath this stone,
Pope *Alexanders* daughter faire, his sonnes wife, and his owne.

Epitaph of Pius the fifth.

Papa Pius quintus moritur, &c. *Pius* the fifth is dead, how wondrous ist to heare?
That onely fiue 'mongst such a crue, th'Almightie God did feare?

EPIGRAMES.

Mantuanus of Sixtus 4. in hell.

At tu Impluvie caput cui tanta licentia, &c. BAld pated rascall thou, who liued'st onely
To surfet in thy filthie lecherie,
Think'st thou thy myter can thy doings couer,
Or make vs now to be theirs or thy louer?

Pope

Pope Ioane being with child coniuring the diuell had this answer.

THou mother of Popes bring forth this popish birth,
And then Ile freely tell thee, when Ile come forth on earth.

Papa pater patrũ papisse pandito partũ, &c.

Marullus in Innoc. 8.

WHat need this toyle, to trie this Pope a man,
Behold his of-spring clearely if ye can:
Eight sonnes, as many daughters he begat,
Rome needs not doubt, his sect wer't but for that.

Quid quæritis testes sit mas an fœmina, &c.

Pontanus of Alexander 6.

POpe *Alexander* sold the Altars, Christ and crosses,
Why not, he bought them all before; t'was to make vp his losses.

Vendit Alexander cruces altaria, &c.

Albericus de Rosata.

THe Court of *Rome*, disdaines a sheepe without the skin,
All they that bring are welcome guests, who bring nought come not in.

Curia Romana nõ capit ouem sine lana, &c.

Conradus Grebelius of Iulius 2.

CAn he be good, that was sonne to a Genoweys,
Begot vpon a Grecian dame, and borne i'th raging seas?
Ligurians are all false, Greeks all men liers call,
The Seas inconstant: *Iulio*, in thee we see them all.

Genua cui patrem, &c.

Pasquillus.

WIth bauds and whores Pope *Iulius & Sextus* both were led,
And *Leo* with foule Sodomies defil'd his loathed bed.

Clementem furiæ vexant, &c.

Clement with furies vexed was, for filthy gotten gaine:
What hope of any good in thee? *Paul* ſhall with vs remaine.

Mantuanus of the Citie.

Viuere qui ſanctè cupitis diſcedit Roma, &c.

IF thou wouldſt liue a godly life, from *Rome* flie farre away,
All villany in it is vſed, here goodneſſe hath no ſway.
Nothing is here now to be found, but fained lies and mockes,
For which they daily bring in gold, to fill the Churches boxe.
Vertue is baniſht frõ this Towne, all honeſtie is gone:
And wickedneſſe and vices now poſſeſſe the Romane throne.

Paſquillus of Paule 4.

WHat furie moues thee to take armes, in thy declining yeares?
Old *Carrafa* thou'rt aged now, & age is full of feares.
The campe thou doſt not know ſo well, as Cloyſters exerciſe,
Thou wantſt the nerues of warre, that's gold, to make the ſouldiers riſe.
Why putſt thou on thy head and backe, ſuch heauie armes as thoſe
Which thy weake bodie cannot beare, being vſde to better clothes?
Why troubleſt thou this wofull land, with wounds yet groning ſore? (more?
And doſt appall the God of warre, to proue his valor
Giue reſt we pray thee to thy flockes, and let vs liue in peace,
Our holy father if thou be, and from thy battels ceaſſe.

Lay

Lay off thy weighty loade of armes, remember Christ his word,
Which he vnto Saint *Peter* spake, when he did vse his sword.

The Popes answer.

THe words which Christ to *Peter* spoke, are no wayes said to me,
You do mistake (by *Peters* leaue) you are deceiu'd, I see
For why, I no way do succeed to *Peter* in that case,
As many in the world haue thought, since I vsurpt his place.
The name of *Paul* I haue tane on, his armour with his name,
And follow him in euery thing, ere his cõuersiõ came.
Christs words I do remember well, to me they nothing are,
I came into the world in peace, but for to stir vp war.

Gilberti Ducerij Epigram de Iul. 2.

Cum contra Gallos, &c.

WHen holy *Iulius* to the field did go,
Against the Gaules, as old reports do show:
Each day the Citie sounding loud alarmes,
He mustred forth great troupes in glistring armes,
And in a rage before the peoples eyes,
In Tibers streames did throw the holy keyes:
Then pulling out his sword, he madly sayes,
Against the French my foes, since now adayes
Saint *Peters* keyes cannot secure my state,
Pauls sword all controuersies shall debate.

Io. Pannomus.

Fœmina Petre tua quondam ausa sedere Cathedra, &c.

ONce in thy Church, S. *Peter*, as we reade,
A woman rul'd, and did possesse thy chaire,
Vntill a Frier her holinesse did leade
Into the Conclaue to the euening prayer:

But her deuotion turnd to youthfull pleasure,
All are not Saints that outwardly seeme holy,
She in the sport did ioy beyond all measure,
Till time made vp the fruites of louing follie.
Then what a griefe procur'd the great disgrace,
To all who thought her father of the Saints?
She shamefully was hurled from the place,
And euer since *Romes* policie preuents
The like mishap; they now the Pope do place
In a rich chaire, hollow and bottomlesse,
Where priuately (to shun future disgrace)
By natures marks his manhood they expresse.
But some to cleare the doubt and shun suspects,
Before they come to climbe the Papall throne,
Giue full assurance of their manly sexe,
And make themselues first father of a sonne.

Cordus lib. 2. Epigram in Iul. 2.

Mortuus ad superum, &c.

WHen *Iulius* ended here this mortall life,
To heauē (tis said he went) but came too late,
Two keyes he had, with which he kept a strife,
To trie if those could ope the sacred gate:
But all in vaine, the locke did it withstand,
Nor would acknowledge his supremacie.
Saint *Peter* hearing him, came to demand
What sinfull mortall knockt so saucily.
The Pope said, *Peter*, knowest thou not my name?
Looke on my crowne and slippers all of gold.
Begone sayes *Peter*, you are much too blame,
To claime a title in the thing you sold.

Stigelius in Sylua.

A Monke there was who in a night did beare,
By Moone-ſhine light a Leman to his bed,
Vnder his gowne, and no ſuſpect did feare,
He thought ſhe was ſo cloſely couered.
By chance a Frier meets him in the way,
Whoſe iealous eyes diſcries the wenches feete,
He to the Monke in merrineſſe did ſay,
What load is that which makes you ſo to ſweat?
He anſwers, tis a ſaddle I did borrow,
From one of my acquaintance dwels hard by,
For I muſt ride a little way to morrow,
Of ſome reports the certaintie to trie.
The Frier hearing what a fine excuſe
The youth had forg'd, ſtreight replies againe,
A little of my counſell prethie vſe
Before thou go'ſt, it ſhall not be in vaine.
Let no man ſee what carriage you haue there,
Nor know what furniture you do prouide,
Leſt ſome of your companions do prepare
Themſelues with you vpon your mare to ride.

Per lunam monachus graduitato, &c.

Cordus lib. 6. Epigram.

SIxe Monkes together ſitting on a draught,
Began to thinke vpon their miſeries,
And how the world at all their Orders laught,
Scoffing their perſons, ſlighting their Decrees.
Mong'ſt whom was one that ſeem'd to rule the reſt,
An aged father, whoſe old ioynts did ſhake,
He from the bottome of his grieued breaſt,
Fetching a ſigh, thus to his brethren ſpake.

Sex vna monachi dum conſidere, &c.

What though our ſtubburne flockes do run aſtray,
And for a time their ſhepheards do forſake,
Yet let vs neuer ceaſſe to God to pray,
That he ſome pittie of our ſtate may take.
For ſince the Lord doth ſee his ſeruants wrong,
And will prouide to keepe them free from hurt,
Heele take vs vp to heauen e're it be long,
And drowne the heretickes into this durt.
This hauing ſaid, the boords began to cracke,
The rotten floares fall from the walls and ſtaires,
The Monks all tumbling downe lie on their backs,
And ſtriue in vaine, ſo heauen had heard their prayers.

Cordus lib. 6. Epigram.

Eunigero peccata fatens virguncula fratri, &c.

A Countrie wench confeſſing once her ſins,
In time of Lent vnto a Cordelier,
And from a long concealed thought begins,
To ſpeake, but hardly could ſhe ſpeake for feare:
He ſtill exhorted her for to diſcouer
The ſecret ſecrecie of all her thought,
Affirming plainly, if ſhe ſtroue to ſmother
The leaſt offence, it would to light be brought.
The wench amazd, at laſt begins to ſay,
Laſt night, good Sir, at midnight I eſpi'd
One of your brothers as aſleepe he lay,
A bed ſtretcht cloſe downe by my miſtris ſide.
The Frier mad to heare her ſpeake ſo plaine,
Sayes, filthy hypocrite, dar'ſt thou this ſay,
Thy miſtris reputation thus to ſtaine,
It was S. *Francis* t'whom ſhe then did pray,
He that makes all our ſuits in heauen go right,

Of whom we haue our Order and our name,
Who heares our cries by day, and ſighes by night,
T'was he that in my brothers habit came.
The wench replied, then be what Saint he will,
He left his hoſe behind him in the place:
If Saints of heauen weare clothes, I haue no skill,
I'm but an ignorant in ſuch a caſe.
Take heed (the Frier ſaies) thou do not touch
Thoſe holy things, which relickes we do call,
And do pertaine but onely vnto ſuch
As are confirmed in the Orders all.
To morrow to the Church they ſhall be carried,
As ſacred relickes ſtill to be adored,
By all ſuch fruitleſſe women as be married,
And haue no iſſue, then they ſhall be ſtored.

FINIS.

The Tranſlators farewell to thoſe of the Church of Rome.

THus in the rudeneſſe of our vulgar phraſe,
My rurall Muſe theſe lines hath harſhly ſung:
Neither for enuie, gaine, nor hope of praiſe,
As ſome perhaps may thinke, who do me wrong.
For I proteſt my heart was euer free,
I malice no man nor affect no name,
The heauens that know my thoughts my witneſſe be,
I neuer hunted ſo much after fame.
What herein I haue ſaid, was ſaid before,
By thoſe who members of your Church did liue,

And

And such whose learning made the times adore
Their worth, and due respects vnto them giue.
There's nothing here which you can say I picke
From out the railing bookes (as you stile them)
Or poysoned writings of an hereticke,
Whom you so hate, and furiously reuile them.
Then gently pardon, all that I haue done
Your Churches dearest nurslings haue approued,
Whose eyes enlightened by the truest Sunne,
Oft wisht those clouds of errours were remoued.
And that the Church, all darknesse swept away,
At length, though late, might clearely see the day.

FINIS.

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